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yo before we start

this is a warriors fanfiction about rewriting the first book (maybe the whole arc?)

so, obviously since it's a warriors fanfic, it has the following themes

Death

Blood/gore

uhh betrayal

politics I guess

literally almost everything dark you can think of-

Honestly for being a kids book Warriors has some dark stuff in it jeez

other stuff I wanted to say woo

so basically

the first few chapters are practically just the beginning of "into the wild," but I promise when smudge joins the clans alongside rusty, things get shaken up a little bit.

enjoy B)))

prologue p1

The silver half moon's light rippled across the river-land and turned the smooth granite boulders silver. The only sound that filled the air was the ripples of the water and the whispers of the trees in the vast forest.

There was a stirring in the shadows, and from all around lithe dark shapes crept silently over the silver stones. Their claws lay unsheathed and glistened in the midnight light. Their eyes shined with wariness. Then, as if on a silent signal, the creatures leaped and pounced upon each other. The still night was broken by the sounds of the wrestling, screeching cats.

Amid this chaos, a large dark tabby leaped and pinned a brown tom to the ground and lifted his head triumphantly, his snout drawing to a snarl. "Oakheart!" the tabby growled. "How DARE you hunt in our territory!? The sunning rocks belong to Thunderclan!" The brown tom sneered. "After tonight, Tigerclaw, this will just be another Riverclan hunting ground!" He spat back.

A warning yowl came from the shore, shrill and anxious.

"More Riverclan warriors approaching!"

Tigerclaw turned to see even more sleek bodies sliding out from the river below the rocks. The drenched Riverclan warriors bounded silently up the shore and hurled themselves into the battle, not even stopping to shake the water off their fur.

Turning back to face Oakheart, he glared down at the tom. "You and your warriors may swim like otters, but you don't belong in this forest!" He drew back his lips and snarled as the cat struggled beneath him.

The desperate cry of a Thunderclan she-cat rose above all the clamor. A wiry Riverclan tom had pinned the light brown she-cat flat on her belly. He lunged toward her neck with jaws still dripping

from the swim across the water.

Hearing the cry, Tigerclaw let go of Oakheart. With a strong leap, he knocked the attacker off of the she-cat. "Quick Mousefur! Run!" he ordered, before turning on the Riverclan tom. Mousefur scrambled to her paws, wincing from a deep gash on her shoulder, and raced away.

Behind her, Tigerclaw spat with rage as the riverclan tom sliced open his nose. Blood blinded his vision for an instant, but he lunged forward regardless and his teeth into the hind leg of his enemy. The RiverClan cat squealed and struggled free.

"Tigerclaw!" The yowl came from a warrior with a tail as red as fox fur. "This is useless! There are too many RiverClan warriors!" "No, Redtail. ThunderClan will never be beaten!" Tigerclaw yowled back, leaping to Redtail's side. "This is our territory! Riverclan will pay!"
Blood was welling around this broad black muzzle, and he shook his head impatiently scattering scarlet drops onto the rocks. "ThunderClan will always honor your courage, Tigerclaw, but we can not afford to lose any more of our warriors," Redtail urged.

"Bluestar would never expect her warriors to fight against these impossible odds. We will have another chance to avenge this defeat." He met Tigerclaw's amber gaze steadily, then reared away and sprang onto a boulder at the edge of the trees.

"Thunderclan! Retreat, retreat!" he yelled. At once, the Thunderclan warriors squirmed and struggled away from their opponents. Spitting and snarling, they ran toward Redtail. For a heartbeat, the RiverClan cats looked confused. Would this battle be so easily won? Then Oakheart yowled a jubilant yowl. As soon as they heard him, the RiverClan warriors raised their voices and joined their deputy in caterwauling their victory.

Redtail looked down at his warriors. With a flick of his tail, he gave the signal and the ThunderClan cats dived down the far side of the Sunningrocks, then disappeared into the trees.

Tigerclaw followed last. He hesitated at the edge of the forest

and glanced back at the bloodstained battlefield. His face was grim, and his eyes turned to furious, thin slits. Then he leaped after his Clanmates into the silent forest.

prologue p2

In a deserted clearing, an old gray she-cat sat alone, staring up as the clear night sky. All around her in the shadows she could hear the breathing and stirrings of sleeping cats.

A small tortoiseshell she-cat emerged from a dark corner, her pawsteps quick and soundless.

The gray cat dipped her head in greeting. "How is Mousefur?" she meowed.
"Her wounds are deep, Bluestar," answered the tortoiseshell, settling herself on the night-cool grass. "But she is young and strong; she will heal quickly."

"And the others, Spottedleaf?"

"Do not worry, Bluestar, they will all recover, too."

Bluestar sighed. "We are lucky not to have lost any of our warriors this time. You are a gifted medicine cat, Spottedleaf." She tilted her head again and studied the stars. "I am deeply troubled by tonight's defeat. ThunderClan has not been beaten in its own territory since I became leader," she murmured. "These are difficult times for our Clan. The season of newleaf is late, and there have been fewer kits. ThunderClan needs more warriors if it is to survive."
"But the year is only just beginning," Spottedleaf pointed out calmly. There will be more kits when greenleaf comes."

The gray cat twitched her broad shoulders. "Perhaps. But training our youn to become warriors takes time. If ThunderClan is to defend its territory, it must have new warriors as soon as possible."

Spottedleaf paused. "Are you asking StarClan for answers?"

meowed Spottedleaf gently, following Bluestar's gaze staring up at the swath of stars glittering in the dark sky.

"It is at times like this we need the words of ancient warriors to help us. Has StarClan spoken to you?" Bluestar asked.

"Not for some moons, Bluestar."

Suddenly a shooting star blazed over the treetops. Spottedleaf's tail twitched and the fur along her spine bristled. Bluestar's ears pricked but she remained silent as Spottedleaf continued to gaze upward.

After a few moments, Spottedleaf lowered her head and she turned to Bluestar. "It was a message from StarClan," she murmured. A distant look came into her eyes. "The flames and following smoke will save our clan."

"Fire? And smoke?" Bluestar echoed. "But fire is feared by all the Clans! It causes great destruction! How in Starclan's name will it save us?"

Spottedleaf shook her head. "I do not know," she admitted. "But this is the just message StarClan has chosen to share with me. Starclan is known to be vague, you know." The ThunderClan leader fixed her clear blue gaze on the medicine cat. "Well, you haven't been wrong before, Spottedleaf," she meowed. "If StarClan has spoken, then it must be so. Flames and smoke will save our Clan."